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### AN OLD FABLE BROUGHT UP TO DATE.

A Countryman having some grain to carry to the mill, was bothered as to how to balance the load upon his donkey's back. Finally he hit upon the expedient of placing a large stone in the other end of the sack. Thus did he balance matters to his great satisfaction; — but to the doubling of the load on the Donkey.



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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### AS TO THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY has hurt itself quite badly enough by its hesitation and delay in the business of the Silver Bill. It has no occasion to inflict any further damage upon itself. If it is capable of profiting by its recent experience, it will attend at once to the work the country has empowered it to do. That work is the undoing of the vicious system of special legislation by which the Republican party has striven to build up certain industries and interests at the expense of the great mass of the people. It is well for the Democrats in Washington to understand that they are not there because the people prefer them, individually, or as Democrats, to all other representatives; but because they stand pledged to carry out a certain policy which the majority of the people approve of and vote for. That, and that first and foremost, is the reason for their presence in Washington. If they fail to understand this fact, they simply invite disaster and disgrace for themselves and their party. The work that lies to their hands is the reform of the present monstrous customs-tariff; and it is a work that should be done with firmness, with decision, with promptitude and without fear or favor. If the Congress that is to face the New Year is as weak, as uncertain, as blind to great issues, and as foolishly punctilious in small affairs as the Congress that let "Senatorial Courtesy" hang up the repeal bill for weeks and months, it will earn for itself a November in 1894 much more significantly unpleasant than the November of 1893. "Tariff Reform" was on the banners under which a Democratic President and a host of Democratic Congressmen marched to victory; and if Tariff Reform served them well as a war-cry, it will serve them better as a legislative aim. Its genuine democracy, its respect for the will of the people, will always be the health and strength of the Democratic party; but its leaders frequently need to be reminded that conservatism is not exactly the same thing as paralysis.

### CONCERNING JOURNALOCRACY.

We like a free press, and we like a free man. But when the man puts his feet in our lap, he becomes too free; and there are times when it seems to us that the press of this country is largely run by men who have just about that idea of freedom. The Hawaii business is complicated and perplexing, no doubt; but it is not so maddening and confusing as to throw common-sense entirely off her throne. A rational man may

read any amount of Blount-Thurston literature, and yet keep enough of his normal brain to remember that President Cleveland is an able-bodied citizen of sound, disposing mind, able to read and write, and in full possession of the faculties of hearing and speech. Yet there is a large class of journalists to whom this apparently obvious fact seems to be wholly unknown. At least their papers take the attitude of regarding him as incapable of speaking for himself, and show hysterical anxiety to relieve him, entirely, of any such duty. They invent policies and purposes for him, and create ingenious infamies for which they hold him responsible. Meanwhile Mr. Cleveland says nothing, except when the duties of his position require him to speak. Then he says something that the over-free press did not expect him to say, and the over-free press promptly goes to discussing whether his yes does not mean no, and his no does not mean yes. A people who would be guided or moved by such license of the press would throw aside the government of orderly, rational and conscientious rulers of their own choosing for a peculiarly fantastic and irresponsible form of anarchy. And we do not believe that the American people, taking them by and large, are in any serious danger of upsetting the republican form of government under which they have made Mr. Cleveland their President, in favor of a government of hysterical newspaper-writers. Up to the very latest accounts from Washington, President Cleveland is quite able to state his intentions for himself whenever he happens to want to destroy the Constitution or commit any other iniquity; and we are of opinion that the people know it.

### CONCERNING THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

As a rebuke to sensational journalism, President Cleveland's message was peculiarly neat and telling. There must have been a large number of adult Americans who believed, up to the evening of December 4th: that their country was about to be ruined by some evil beings who should demolish its customs-tariff; that their President was on the point of committing some mysterious infamy with the Sandwich Islands which should make it impossible for America ever to look any self-respecting nation in the face; and that the administration had openly espoused a money policy that spelled Universal Desolation with capital letters. It would seem to argue a low order of intelligence for any human being to believe thus, and it is truly distressing that an intelligent American should allow such absurd forecasts to nestle in under his credulity. Yet, we must remember that Sensational Journalism has been dinning this sort of rubbish into him, day after day, until the reasoning part of his brain has become partially paralyzed; and he has had to grope along by blind instinct through the mazes of ignominious ruin pointed out by the sensational editor. We think nothing could have brought this sort of man back to his senses quicker or more effectually than such a message as President Cleveland sent to Congress on its opening day. It was calm and thorough and convincing; and it left no doubt anywhere that we are still a nation among nations, with an honest, level-headed President; and that several years of national life still remain to us. It was disappointing to the sensational editor who wanted a sensational message, but it was eminently satisfying to the sane taxpayer. When the various questions of national importance may be disposed of satisfactorily, each with a brief paragraph, as President Cleveland has done, we are obviously not on the verge of ruin.

### TOMMY'S SYMPATHY.



'M HAPPY with each pretty toy,  
And yet, in all my Christmas joy,  
I feel a pang of deepest sorrow  
For the poor little Fiji boy.

How Santa Claus can lavish free  
His precious gifts on such as he,  
Whose mother never wore a stocking,  
Or owned one, greatly puzzles me.  
R. K. M.

### CASHING A CHECK.

BINGO.—Did you have any trouble in cashing that check I gave you?  
MRS. BINGO.—No, indeed. I took it right to my milliner.  
BINGO.—What did she do; give you gold?  
MRS. BINGO.—Gracious, no! She gave me the loveliest bonnet you ever saw.

TAGLEIGH.—They say that bleaching the hair is apt to drive people insane.  
WAGLEIGH.—I don't doubt it. I know half a dozen fellows who are crazy over bleached blondes.

A CROOKED line is the shortest distance between two saloons.

"GREAT MINDS run in the same channels," at times; but the habit is more common to little minds.

"CONSCIENCE doth make cowards of us all." Does it? or is it cowardice that makes us all conscientious?



### A FATAL SIGN.

PRETTY CASHIER.—You must give me a vacation to recruit my health. My beauty is beginning to fade.  
MANAGER.—Why do you think so?  
PRETTY CASHIER.—The men are beginning to count their change.



# DOES IT MEAN THE DIVORCE COURTS?



Dear reader, we will not tell you what he is saying to her; but that is his wife listening. Let us hear what *she* says to him when he comes out.



"Oh, George! Could you persuade her? Did she promise you she would not leave? Oh! she did! I can see it by your face!"

## LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

THE PORK-PACKER'S daughter was won.

Amid the sumptuous trappings of wealth and luxury she plighted her troth with the suitor who had crossed the seas to besiege her heart.

"Are you sure, my darling," he murmured, as they stood together beneath the gorgeous chandelier, "that you love me for myself alone?"

"Charles James Edward," she earnestly answered, "I am sure!"

"Then listen."

With courtly grace he led her to a seat.

"My beloved," he said, tenderly, "I have purposely refrained from telling you about my family, in order that you might be governed in forming your estimate of me by considerations of personal worth."

"Charles James Edward!"

A world of love and trust spake she in those simple words.

"Of course, sweet girl, you know I am of noble lineage?"

A warm glance, a gentle pressure of the hand was her reply.

"And you are aware that my people are among the proudest of the proud. But are you prepared to know —"

He bent low and whispered.

"—that the blood of a king courses in my veins."

"Yes —"

She smiled engagingly.

"—I am not surprised I am informed that there is some dreadful scandal about almost every one of the aristocratic families. And did it get into the courts, dearest?"

Yes; it was for himself alone that she loved him.

## AN EMPTY COMPLIMENT.

WILLY WILT.—That new chophouse is on a pretty magnificent scale.

YOUNG CHASEHEM.—How so?

WILLY WILT.—Four tables for every customer.

## CONDUCTIVE TO SOLEMNITY.

MR. WORLDLIE.—I don't see why these preachers should go about with such long faces?

DEACON HARDUPP.—You would if you had to live on one of their salaries.

## RISEN RAPIDLY.

MISTRESS.—Has your cousin a place yet, Nora?

NORA.—No, Mum. She have n't; an' her only war year over, an' grown that particular that she can't plaze herself!

THE MAN who would pay his debts if he could, does n't get along nearly as well as the man who could pay his debts if he would.

## PENNYLESS.

JUDGE.—Have you anything to offer the Court before sentence is passed?

PRISONER.—No, your Honor. My lawyer took my last shilling.

## A MORBID MIND.

CORONER.—What led you to believe that the deceased had contemplated suicide for some time?

WITNESS.—Nothing in particular; only he took such a gloomy view of life.

CORONER.—In what way?

WITNESS.—He was an English humorist, sir.

## APOSTASY.

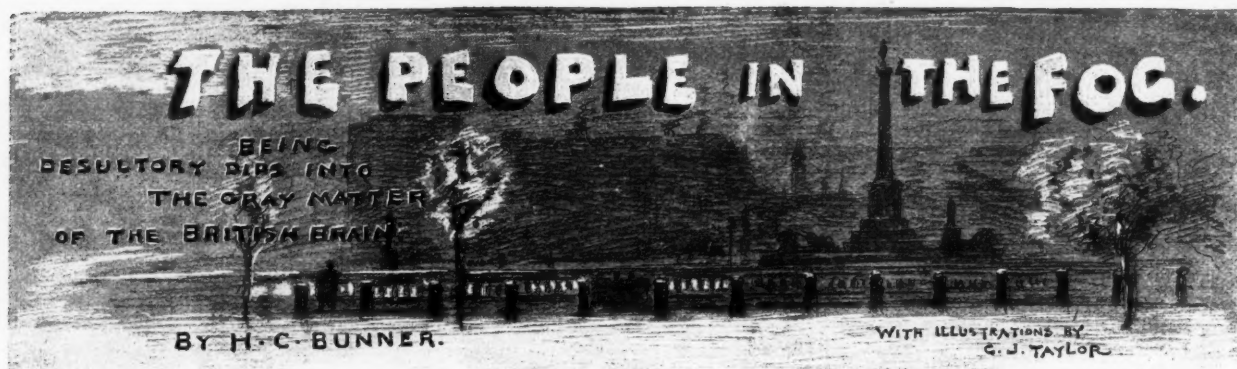
The ruthless Jew that Shakspeare drew  
Did not on orthodoxy stand,  
To hunger for a pound of flesh  
That was not of the kosher brand.



## FULL DRESS.

HANK BITTERS (a prominent citizen of Oklahoma).—Goin' to the ball to-night, Ike?

ALKALI IKE.—I 'd like to, mighty well, Hank, but I can't. You see, it is to be strictly a full-dress affair, and I 've lost one of my spurs.



No. I.

### ON A TABLET IN THE WALL.

IT is high noon of high Midsummer; but everywhere you look, along the streets or up at the sky, you see the dull, dirty orange-color haze. It is faintest, perhaps, at the zenith of the coppery sky, for from thence a weird, diffused light is filtering down from what in other places is to be seen and recognized as the Sun. At the ends of the streets it is thicker, and reminds you more of pea-soup. As you look down to your feet, you can see that this haze is partly composed of a fine, dry dust, that rises from the wooden pavement to irritate your eyes and nostrils. A casual glance at your linen will show you that the flaky, rich soot of soft coal smoke is another element in its composition. The generally sulphurous tone that illumines it is probably owing to Natural Depravity. This is the way it looks on a bright day in Midsummer. In the Winter it will close in and settle down, and rise up and solidify into one great choke and congestion that will so draw out the light of the earth that a man shall hardly see his hand before his face. It is the London Fog.



the inscription on a round, brass plate or tablet set in the wall of the house opposite you. It begins

### HERE LIVED BENJAMIN FRANKLIN —

and, as you read it, you feel your eyes stretch themselves wide open, for the house is quite obviously and unmistakably modern. And, besides, if you have read the ingenious Mr. Laurence Hutton's book on the "Literary Landmarks of London," you know that Benjamin Franklin's Craven Street house was long ago torn down.

You mention this fact to the Englishman at your side. He looks surprised, annoyed and offended. He calls your attention to the tablet.

"Don't you see," he says, "what it tells you there? Benjamin Franklin lived there; don't you understand?"

Well, if you're a green hand with Englishmen, you take another try at him. You explain to him that it's utterly impossible that a man—even so intelligent and inventive a man as Benjamin Franklin—could have lived in a house that was not built until after his death. But, bless your soul, it's of no more use than it would be to ask the grave of Adam to buy you a bow-wow. He only gets red in the face and short in the wind.

"I don't know anything about that," he says. "There's the sign. Can't you read? It says Benjamin Franklin lived there."

And, of course, if that's where he lived, why, he lived there."

You will probably stop when you get that far, and let it go at that. But if you do press the subject any further, he will fly into a brick-red rage with a tendency to purple, and he will probably say something like this:



"The fact is, you Americans are so new that you have n't got anything old, and so you don't believe anybody else has!"

And then he will go off chewing language to relieve his feelings, and it will not occur to him for one instant that if America is old enough to have had a Benjamin Franklin she is old enough to believe in a house for him, if the house could, by any possibility, have been around when Franklin was.

For, you see, it is all just the same to him as if it were true. It is true to him; as true as anything else that he believes or thinks he believes in. It is part of the great big play that every Englishmen plays with himself and with all the rest of the English people from childhood to the grave. You can see him as he walks away into the fog, and he can see through the fog the gaslights when they begin to glimmer. But the fog inside of that man's skull is so dense that no ray of the clear, cold truth will ever penetrate quite through its murky depths.

The Englishman is the one man in the world who can get along on a starvation diet of facts. In fact, he does n't want facts. They get in his way and bother him and trip him up.

All he wants is a good all-round outfit of make-believes that suit him and are likely to be accepted by his countrymen as suitable to his station in life. With these, mutton one day, beef the next, and boiled potatoes three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, he can get along in perfect contentment of spirit.

What made him mad just now was this: He and that house are so nearly in the same case that when you doubted the house you doubted him—not that you meant to, of course. You see that house is a real typical English institution. It is, I believe, an excellent lodging house. (I may remark here that I know No. 8 is.) But it is n't contented and proud

to be a good lodging house. Because it is a house built on the site once occupied by a house that Benjamin Franklin lived in, it plays itself on the public for a genuine Benjamin Franklin house, though Benjamin Franklin never set eyes on the front wall that bears that disingenuous tablet.

Well, why not? If you live in a land of general and continuous foggy make-belief, why is n't one make-belief as good as another?

Of course it is. Benjamin Franklin lived in the house he did n't live in; Westminster Abbey is the grandest specimen of gothic architecture in the world; St. Paul's is the grandest specimen of any other kind of architecture; the back of Dr. Johnson's head made a spot on the wall of an inn that he never went into, and the Marquis of Cornwallis did not surrender to the Americans at Yorktown—indeed he did n't, for you may look on his tombstone and you won't find the slightest mention of it.

It's all right so long as you don't get your make-believe mixed up with the things that really have to be real. But the Englishman is all safe there.

When you catch him dining on make-believe mutton you may be sure there is something fatal the matter with him, and that the next thing he will do will be to ask himself if the Royal Family could not be pared down a Duke or two with advantage to an overtaxed community.

We will now let the Fog lift for a breathing spell, and take another choke next week.







TOOK THE WRONG COURSE.

NEWLY ARRIVED MISSIONARY. — And how did my predecessor get along here? Did he make a successful entrée?

PLEASANT CANNIBAL. — No; to tell the truth, he did not. In fact, he made such a poor entrée, he soon found himself in the soup.



DEFEAT.

HE WORKED a pretty tidy  
To help the church along;  
It was a rosy poem,  
It was a rosy song.

She said that twenty dollars  
Should be about the price,  
Because it was so dainty,  
So flowerful and nice.

She bursts from wails of anguish  
Into a fiendish laugh,  
Because they let it go for  
A dollar-and-a-half.

R. K. M.

A RENOWNED SPECIFIC.

When wildly throbs the toper's brow,  
From brown ale in October,  
Naught can compare with London *Punch*  
To make the fellow sober.

WHERE THE SHOE HURT.

GUSSIE. — Yes, Miss Goldmore is a stunning girl; but I don't think much of her father.

CHOLLY (*who has called*). — Yes, he's no gentleman; and he's a brute to boot.

'WAY DOWN IN MAINE.

DRUGGIST. — Are you a graduate of pharmacy? Can you compound prescriptions?

APPLICANT. — No; I'm a bartender. I can only mix drinks.

DRUGGIST (*eagerly*). — How much do you want a week?

INCREDIBLE.

TAGLEIGH. — I see there is a melodrama coming out with real water, and a real iceberg with real polar bears.

WAGLEIGH. — I know of one that will be more realistic still.

TAGLEIGH. — What are they going to have in that?

WAGLEIGH. — Real actors.

WELL BROKEN.

BURGLAR. — Don't say a word, or I'll blow your head off.

HENPEC (*sleepily*). — Beg pardon, my dear; I did n't mean to — (*snores*).



"WHEEL AND WOE."

TAKING NO CHANCES.

"They can advertise this as a fire-proof hotel all they're a mind ter," said Uncle Treecop, as he threw his coat over the rum-omelette, and extinguished the flame; "but I'm hanged if I want ter chance it."

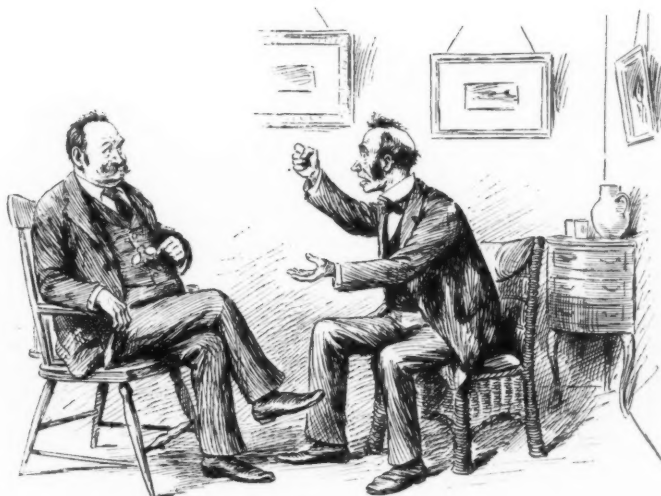
JUST THE THING.

STAGE MANAGER. — Madame Highsee's cold has got her so hoarse we'll have to cut that Italian aria. It's too bad; — she was our biggest card.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR. — What's the matter with having her tackle a German folk-song?

WHEN WE look at it in certain lights, it seems as if Christmas must have been invented by a bachelor with one rich maiden aunt and no other relatives or friends. That's the kind it suits best, anyway.

CONCLUSIVE PROOF.



EXCITED CITIZEN. — I tell you, sir, the one great trouble with this country is over-production; — *that's* what ails us — over-production!



OLDEST BOY — Pop, won't you take us to the Park? We want to see that new Chimpanzee.



## A FEW SEASONS HENCE.

MRS. SHOPIN. — Have you ice-cream forks?

JEWELER. — Just sold the last, Madam; but I can show you some very beautiful lemonade knives.



## A WARNING TO NOVELISTS.

Oh! I HAVE read of novels  
Full many and many a score,  
And my luckless fate it may be  
To read many a hundred more;  
But never yet a heroine —  
Rich or poor man's daughter —  
Went boating forth, and failed to trail  
Her fingers in the water.

Oh, the novel of the future  
May idyllic be and sweet,  
Solemn, sad or scientific,  
Or of themes transcendent treat;  
But the novel of the future,  
Oh! whatever it may be,  
Will be fine enough, and wise enough,  
And good enough for me

It the heroine, when boating,  
At dawn, or noon, or night,  
Proves she has reached of womanhood  
The heavenliest height,  
And wins profoundest worship  
From the lover who has brought her.  
If she never, never trails her  
Lily fingers in the water!

Oh! all ye reckless novelists  
Take warning, now, I pray,  
And heed the gentle prophecy  
I whisper you to-day;  
Oh! soon and swift the wrath will fall,  
And fierce will be the slaughter  
Of those whose heroines shall trail  
Their fingers in the water!

Kate M. Cleary.

BOY. — Pa, the minister said  
to-day we'd all have to be  
born again.

FATHER OF EIGHT. — That  
means another fortune for drinks  
and cigars, I suppose.

A REGULAR SET-TO — The Tête-  
à-tête Chair.

IGNORANT PEOPLE are people who  
know less than we think we do.

Oh! the novel of the future  
May didactic be and sage,  
Or the novel of the future  
Make Theosophy the rage;  
Or the novel of the future  
May be humorous or wise,  
Or expose for our inspection  
All the mysteries of the skies;



## BEWILDERED.

FARMER. — You've shot my cow!

DOOLEY. — Be gobbs, an' I told ther grocer-mon as plain  
as cud be to give me *bu-r-r-d* shot!

## A PERFECT LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

MAMA. — Has Willy said "Thank you," to the kind lady for the cookie?

WILLY. — Madam, I thank you for the cookie I just ate, and I would thank you for another.

## KNEW THEM.

PROPRIETOR OF NEW STORE. — I don't see what's the matter. I have the best bargains in all lines, but I can't get the shopping women to come in.

OLD MERCHANT. — Just put a sign in the window, "positively no goods at retail," and you'll get 'em.

## INCOMPETENCE PUNISHED.

HANERLY. — Do you think the law has any right to punish a man for trying to commit suicide?

AUSTEN. — Not unless he fails.

## AMBIGUOUS.

HE. — I wish I could read your thoughts!

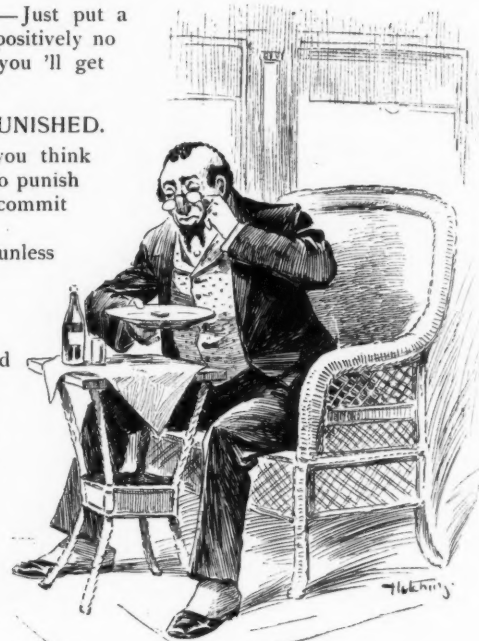
SHE. — So do I; but, goodness knows, I've tried to help you all I could!

## A CHARITABLE VIEW OF IT.

"Miss De Scord's piano playing always reminds me of a certain scriptural injunction."

"What is that?"

"She does not let her left hand know what her right hand doeth."



## IN MINIATURE.

HEFFELSTEIN *trying a sandwich just purchased at a Pullman-car buffet*. — Vell, I dinks Mr. Bullman must haf cude dot sandvitch oudt mit a conductor's bunch!

## HIS ADVICE.

BAGLEY (to friend, an undertaker). — So business is n't very good, eh?

BAILEY. — No; I'm getting discouraged.

BAGLEY. — Oh, pshaw! Never say die.

## FACILIS EST DESCENSUS AVERNI.

PENDER. — He seems to be very easy-going.

STILSON. — No wonder! He's going to the devil.

THE BOAT plunged into the darkness, breasting the cruel current of the river Styx.

The tall shade with the polka-dot necktie addressed the thick-set spirit in a three-button cutaway.

"Hello!" he cried. "What would you do if I should offer to pay that ten dollars I owe you?"

"I'd drop —"

He shivered, and was suddenly silent.

Charon, who was pulling stroke oar, increased his speed to forty-six, and presently they landed.

MISS SWIFTLY. — I guess Edwin is being congratulated. Do you see all the men rush up to him, now it is known we are engaged?

MISS SEVERLY. — Perhaps they are comparing notes.

IT is only the Realist who can afford to marry.

SPACER. — Is n't Hanks rather conceited?

LINER. — Yes; his opinions usually go in italics.





# FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

MRS. UPTHECREEK.—Well, here is the letter from my son John!

POSTMASTER.—Well, what do I want with that? I delivered it to you yesterday.

MRS. UPTHECREEK.—I know you did; but, don't you see, it says on the envelope, "Return in five days to John Upthecreek, New York?" Though what in the world John wants me to return his letters for, I can't understand!

NECESSITY MAY know no law; but its decrees are never reversed on appeal.



# FOREWARNED — FOREARMED.

MALE VOICE FROM ABOVE (*sweetly*).—Has that young man gone yet, Tilly?

TILLY (*hesitatingly*).—Why—er—no—Popper!

MALE VOICE FROM ABOVE (*more sweetly*).—Will you please bring me up that pair of boots you see by the door?

THE YOUNG MAN (*tremulously*).—Ah—er—Miss Tilly! While you are up I guess I'd better be going.

# A COUP D'ÉTAT.

"I see the Prohibitionists in your district nominated Jones for Congress. I did n't know he had reformed."

"He has n't. That was to conciliate the saloon element."

# THEIR ONLY CHANCE.

FANGLE.—Corbett and Mitchell have a hard time finding a place to fight.

CUMSO.—Yes. They may have to join rival foot-ball teams to get a chance to do each other up.



# BARREN GROUND.

TIMBER FIST MADDEN (*pointing to passing man*).—I tackled de old bloke fer tenpence; but he t'rew me down.

PINK WHISKERS BLAKE (*in horror*).—Tackled him? Hully gee! dat 's Russell Sage. Dey could n't get money out o' him wid dynamite!

# OUR LIBERTIES THREATENED.

MR. O'HOOLIHAN (*looking over the paper*).—Wull, this do bate all! A party av Amerykin byes was havin' some fun wid a Chinymen lasht night. phwen the Chinymen up and shtabs two av thim—Pat M'Cork and Mike O'Lannigan.

MRS. O'HOOLIHAN.—I've heard thot th' Six Companies has sint worrud to the haythens that it's time fur thim to begin definidin' themselves.

MR. O'HOOLIHAN.—Is thot throe? Begorry, it won't be long befur Amerykens will have no liberties at all, at all!



# ONE ANOMALY BEGETS ANOTHER.

"As men ape the Prince of Wales, why don't women ape the Princess?"

"Because if they did the men could n't dance attendance on them, and consistently ape the Prince. See?"

# KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

PROPRIETOR.—What's the row at that bargain counter?

FLOOR-WALKER.—No row at all. A party of college girls are among the crowd, and are working to the front by a flying wedge.

IF SOME men ever get to feel as bad as they really are, it won't be worth while to send for a doctor.



THE RETURN FROM  
THEY DO NOT SEE THE WAY



UCK.



TURN FROM EXILE.  
SEE THE WATERLOO BEFORE THEM.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. New York

## CHRISTMAS AT HOBO-ONO.



IT WAS the night before Christmas in the poverty-stricken hut of the Widow Hilo, which lay just on the outskirts of the Fiji village. The sun had drawn his sweeping trail of carmine off the long vistas of sand, and the twinkling stars were answering Venus's roll-call. Tom-Tom, the devoted ostrich, who still lingered about the home of the widow, despite her misfortunes, gloomily hung his head over the lower limb of the palm tree that shaded the kitchen porch. Tom-Tom had had nothing to eat since little Weele, the widow's youngest son, had carried the stones from the back-yard to throw at the neighbor's children. The Capuchin monkeys were telling their vesper jokes over again in a distant grove, and all about was the peace of twilight.

At the hearthstone of the humble home were gathered the widow Hilo and her eight children. Over in a corner was the hungry Fiddie, another of the widow's younger ones, gnawing viciously on an old humerus bone of a missionary that had come to Fiji land in the days when Mr. Hilo was a sportive hunter of white men. The humerus bone was all that had remained over from the Thanksgiving Day feast. Kiyi, the oldest son, was unusually pensive, leaning on his elbows and peering into the roaring fire. The roaring fire was only used for cooking purposes. It had been proposed to parboil Tom-Tom, the faithful ostrich, as a last resort.

"Cook Tom-Tom!" declaimed Kiyi, suddenly breaking his reverie. "Never shall that trusted servant find his way into a pot. Rather will I plunge into the forests, or skirt the desert for man or beast."

"Noble boy!" was all the mother could say to such a son. She decided to postpone the meal till the next day, or from time to time as the



## A SLANDER REFUTED.

"Papa!"

She stood with flashing eyes. Her voice was raised in indignant protest.

"My child," the father insisted, "I must repeat it. You and this young man you propose to marry, do not know each other yet."

"It is false!" the girl exclaimed, with heaving bosom; "we have been introduced, sir, and I can prove it."

Before her scornful gaze he quailed.



## LIMITED SPACE.

MR. MOONEY (*speaking thickly*).—Yis; Oi have a very bad gold id be dose dis day, Missis Brannigan.

MRS. BRANNIGAN (*consolingly, as she notices the size of his nose*).—Be aisey, Mr. Mooney; it 'll not amount to much.

occasion and circumstances might warrant. Before sunrise Kiyi was off. He had heard reports of a mysterious boat coming up the river from the sea. There might be a meal in it. Within a mile of the village flowed the broad river, and before the sun was well up, Kiyi stood on the river bank. The mysterious boat had come; was even landing. Kiyi was for a moment startled and would have turned to run, notwithstanding he had come to meet the craft, had not he seen, to his horror, a crouching alligator lying in wait for the precious freight in the boat. The boy had a spear with him. Promptings of his nobler self impelled him to act at once. With a few bounds he reached the saurian brute, and, as it was thrusting out its terrible jaws to snap a portly gentleman who stood in the prow of the boat, Kiyi sent the spear home in the alligator's throat.

"I will reward you, my little man," said the portly gentleman after he had recovered from the shock. Accompanying the portly gentleman were six lean ones, and, taking the cue from their leader, they began to bring out presents for the hero. Kiyi was loaded down with old overcoats, a seal skin sacque, boxes of bonbons, pound-party cake and other articles, all bearing small tags marked "From the Young Ladies of the Coldwater Conference." The good fortune was almost too much for Kiyi, and, lest it all be a dream, he

sped away, taking a route up the back-alleys upon reaching the village, to keep his new wealth from the envious eyes of the neighbors. It was almost six in the evening, time for the Christmas dinner, when he bolted through the door and laid his load at his mother's feet. There was a happy family around the board that day; enough bonbons, canned pickles and tomato catsup to go all around. Mother was given the seal skin sacque, and little Weele a boa with a mink's head. When the sun went down that evening there were seven contented people around the hearthstone, while the noble Kiyi was out in the back-yard feeding the buttons from off the overcoats to Tom-Tom, the devoted ostrich, who had lingered with the widow through all her years of misery. The night was one of general feasting in the village, and the chief, who used to love the mother of Kiyi, before Hilo did, sent down some choice bits from the portly gentleman who led the band of missionaries up the river to distribute the contributions of the Coldwater Conference.

Gavin L. Payne.



# A CORDIAL RESPONSE.



SERIOUS STRANGER. — My friend, I am an enlisted soldier in the great army that has fought so long for the good cause. Let me speak a few words to you, for life is fleeting, and ere long it may be too late.



PENSION AGENT. — Too late? Cert'nly not! Come right along — my office is on the next block — and I'll fix up a claim for you in less than twenty minutes!

## SAVED HER LIFE.

MISS PASTELLE. — It's too bad! I love you, and I've promised to marry you, and yet there is n't a bit of romance about it. You have never once saved my life.

ADORER. — I have n't, eh? Don't you remember the time you first saw me?

"Yes; I was walking down the avenue, and you passed me on your bicycle."

"Yes; and I rang the bell for you to get out of the way, did n't I?"



## THE COOK'S QUESTION.

I wonder if his heart is fired? —

He calls here every night.

I wonder, — are his calls inspired

By love or appetite?

## FROM THE HAWVILLE CLARION.

We take this method of calling the attention of our brethren of the press to the fact that we desire an associate editor who is a thorough all-round newspaper man. In order to fulfil this requirement he must be able to write good obituary poetry off-hand, call the figures at dances, accurately guess the weight of live stock, umpire ball games, smile sweetly, carry water on both shoulders, act as best man at weddings, instantly gauge the value of subscription stove-wood, cut our hair and that of the children, believe in the hereafter, shine at church socials, speak on Prohibition as one having authority, judge hard cider, fight like a demon when necessary, mould public opinion and press-rollers, sweep the office, slap one man on the back the while he wrings the hand of another, and make both think they have his undivided attention, and be superior to the world, the flesh and the devil. To such a man we will pay a salary of \$8.00 per week and give him half of all the circus and oyster-supper tickets that come to this office.

## THIS EXPLAINS IT.

MR. MANYRE LATIVES (*disgustedly examining toys*). — This drum has a hole in it; this knife won't cut; this engine won't run.

MRS. MANYRE LATIVES. — I know, dear. I bought them for Christmas presents.

## THE RURAL HUMORIST.

FARMER RUBBERNECK (*addressing his mule*). — Giddap there, Fountain Pen!

BYSTANDER. — Why do you call your mule "Fountain Pen?"

FARMER RUBBERNECK. — Because he won't work more than once or twice in fourteen trials. Whoa, you brute!

## WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

RUUTER. — I tell you, Staynour, I am working this new style of magazine article for all it is worth.

STAYNOUR. — How is that?

RUUTER. — Did n't you see my article on "How I Wrote my First Novel?"

STAYNOUR. — Yes.

RUUTER. — Well, the editor has just accepted one on "How I Wrote 'How I Wrote my First Novel.'"

## HOW HE GOT IT.

He did not want to get a jag,

But, with a jolly swagger,

He went out to attend a "stag,"

And came back with a stagger.



## BRIGHT PROSPECTS.


HALEY (*the landlord*). — So you've bought this store of Goldstein? Well, I predict that you'll fail here in less than six months.

MR. KLINPSTEIN. — Ach! You fladder me, Misder Haley!

If we could dissect one of our instruments in your presence, you would be astonished at the sum of perfection displayed before your eyes; not a flaw anywhere; leading features everywhere. You would concur with our statement that the **BEST** Piano made is the

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Chicago.  
1108 Olive Street,  
St. Louis.  
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San Francisco.

# SOHMER



WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.

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NEVER DRIES ON THE FACE.

Your Druggist keeps it. Will you try it? It costs the same as others. We think it *worth* a great deal more. 25c. at all Drug Stores.

For the relief of more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women, go by the book on Beecham's pills.

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BEST AWARD

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ONE.—You'll have to give up your club if you want to marry Miss Richmond.

TWO.—I'll have to give it up if I don't. I'm more than six months' dues in arrears now!

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SAMPLE VIAL BY MAIL, 15 CENTS.

41 & 43 Warren St., N. Y. City.



HE NEEDED ENCOURAGEMENT.

SARY ANN (coquettishly).—Don't ye want me ter be a sister ter ye?  
HANK BLUEJEANS (ardently).—No. But, b' gosh, I want yer sister Maria Jane ter!

**BLOCH BROS. WEST VIRGINIA MAIL POUCH TOBACCO**

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BEST CHEWING AND SMOKING

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"GENUINE" only with the signature of "Justus von Liebig in blue" ink across the Label, thus:

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For delicious refreshing Beef Tea. For improved and economic cookery.

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A Tonic, is as valuable in the home as the medicine chest, and less dangerous.

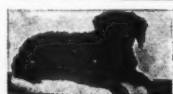
It has the approval of cautious physicians.

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MATTRESS.** A most  
pleasant and effective bed. In  
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Universally known and everywhere esteemed as the  
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**Marry Your Trousers**

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**CHESTER**  
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and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live.

THE "CHESTER" is a suspender with an idea, viz:—enough stretch, all in the right place, and in enduring form. Our graduated elastic cord ends make it the most comfortable and serviceable suspender in the world; moreover, neat, light, and elegant. Sample pair mailed for 50 cents. The "Workers," made on same plan, 25 cents. We also make the well-known "Century." Ask for "Chester" suspenders. See the graduated elastic cord.  
**CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., No. 4 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.**

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The pressing work is done on week days, and the rest is done on Sunday.

The Celebrated "Red Label" Champagne, extra dry and Brut, is known everywhere and recognized as the best. Maison fondée en 1864 by Vve Theophile Roederer & Co., successors. T. W. Stemmler & Co., Union Square, New York, Sole Agents.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.  
**The Club Cocktails**

**MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY  
HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN and VERMOUTH**

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for \$6.00.

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**39 BROADWAY, N. Y., HARTFORD, CONN., and 20 PICCADILLY, W. LONDON, ENG.**

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.



**NO GO.**

FEATHERLY.—Say, me deah fellah, how do you manage to keep such a crease in your trousers?  
AVV DU POISE.—I put them under the mattress I sleep on.

FEATHERLY.—Oh, you must do something else, for I tried that plan till I got sick of it!

No Christmas and New Year's table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

Don't fill your stomach with spirits which wreck it.  
*Cook's Extra Dry Champagne* tones it up.

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to consumption are ailments we often deem trivial—a cold and a cough. Consumption thus acquired is rightly termed "Consumption from neglect."

**Scott's Emulsion**

not only stops a cold but it is remarkably successful where the cough has become deep seated.

*Scott's Emulsion is the richest of fat-foods yet the easiest fat-food to take. It arrests waste and builds up healthy flesh.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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The PABST BREWING CO. has been awarded the highest points of merit on each article it manufactures, at the World's Columbian Exposition. Each separate beer has defeated all similar beers of its respective class, Pabst Hofbrau scored higher than the Royal Hofbrau of Munich, and the "Best" Tonic scored the one hundred points of perfection, an altitude of merit supreme and unequalled. This gives to Pabst, Milwaukee,

## A VICTORY OVER THE ENTIRE WORLD,

consisting of an award on ten separate products. A victory complete and absolutely UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF EXPOSITIONS.

This announcement of the first and only report of the judges was made officially for the first and only time on Wednesday, Nov. 15th, 1893, at 5:30 p. m. by John Boyd Thacher, Chairman on Awards—hence all previous statements from every source have been unauthorized and misleading.



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Made from 2 to 3 years old SONOMA VALLEY WINE, America's Best Product.

Our cellars, extending from Warren to Chambers St., are the finest wine cellars in this city. They enable us to carry sufficient stock to properly age the wine before drawing it off into bottles. The best proof of its superiority lies in the fact that we are patronized by the most prominent hospitals of New York, Brooklyn, and all parts of the country.

A. WERNER & Co., 52 Warren St., New York.

I have submitted A. Werner & Co.'s Extra Dry to a chemical analysis, and find it free from any impurities whatever. I therefore cordially recommend it as a pure and healthy American wine.

A. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL.D.,  
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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



### NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Mr. HOBSON SNOBBS (of New York).—I—ah—believe hog-killing is one of your principal amusements here in Chicago.  
MISS LAKESIDE.—Have no fear, Mr. Snobbs. The mere fact of your being my father's guest will insure your safety.

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It is the small annoyances that worry—sour milk over night, no milk-man in the morning; no cream for the coffee; no milk for the baby. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is always ready for use. Obtainable everywhere.

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Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
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The guaranteed cure for all headaches is Bromo-Seltzer—Trial bottle 10c.

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FOR  
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SEND MONEY BY REGISTERED MAIL.



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at World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. JACOB STAHL, Jr. & CO., Makers, 168th st. and 3d ave., New York. Send \$1.00 for sample box of 10 cigars.

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Perhaps an imitation.

Most tailors advertise, but few keep it.

We HAVE the genuine. We are making it to measure in the Long, Single or Double Breasted Tandem Style, with whole back, strapped seams, wide Silk Velvet Collar, Silk or Satin lined thro',  
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Samples mailed to non-residents.

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## No Xmas is quite complete without Chocolat-Menier enters into the festivities.

Its delicious taste, well known strengthening properties, and aid to digestion make it just the present fitting the times, alike acceptable to the young housekeeper, the dyspeptic or the aged.

That every one may get the benefit of this announcement, if your grocer hasn't it to supply you, send his name and \$4.80, and we will send a 12 pound carton (yellow wrapper), express charges prepaid.

Give address plainly and name this paper.

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**ASTHMA CURED!**  
Schiffmann's Asthma Cure never fails to give instant relief in the worst cases; insures comfortable sleep; effects CURES where others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c, and \$1.00, of Druggists, or by mail. Sample Free for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn.

### MALEY'S MODERN MONEY MAKERS

Our new card machine plays poker automatically, is the most perfect, most durable and most beautiful of any machine ever invented. It will earn its weight in gold within a week. Your store is not complete without it. Price, \$25.00.

The Queen of all Slot Machines is our new Nickel Ticker. It will pay you well, delight your patrons, ornament your place of business, and help you onto easy street. Sells more cigars than any other slot machine. Price, \$15.00.

The only perfect dice machine which never fails to give action for your money. Can not get out of order, and will earn from \$200 to \$500 per year. It possesses 50 positive advantages over any other dice machine. Price, \$10.00. Acme, or three for one, automatic nickel machine. We have the best and most reliable. Price, \$15.00.

Pencil Printing Machine, prints 1000 pencils per hour, any advertisement. Explanation so simple a child can operate it. Complete, \$15.00. Whiskey Cane, holds half pint whiskey, glass lining, special drinking glass in the head of cane, which is gold or silver finish. Price, \$2.00 each. Big money is made by renting out or leaving on shares, these machines, with shop-keepers and trades people. \$100 invested this way will make you \$50 and upwards every week without interfering with your regular occupation, and the investment is absolutely safe. Write for circulars and particulars to THE CHAS. T. MALEY NOVELTY CO., Cor. Pearl and Main Sts., Cincinnati, O.

## The F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co.'s Special Holiday Brew

On Draught at all Customers. Bottled at the Brewery for Family, Hotel and Export Trade.

FOR XMAS '93. PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK, 50c. FOR XMAS '93.

MUSICAL CLOCK & Box Combined. Keeps perfect time & furnishes constantly all the most charming & popular tunes. Plays anything from a simple song to a difficult waltz or operatic selection. To introduce it, one in every county or town furnished reliable persons (either sex) who will promise to show it. Send for one to Inventor's Co., New York City, P. O. Box 2252.

WORLD'S FAIR PUCK. In Cloth, \$3.00. In Half Morocco, \$3.50.



### CASTE AND COOP.

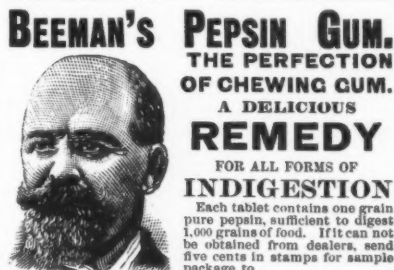
INCUBATED CHICK. — Why did n't you peep yesterday when I peeped at you?  
HEN-HATCHED CHICK (haughtily). — You are not in our set.

Fatigue and exhaustion overcome by Bromo-Seltzer. Contains no opiate.

### CHRISTMAS WREATHS.

We see a great many attractive advertisements offering wonderfully cheap articles; but when we fly to find them, "our doll is made of sawdust," and we turn away depressed.

No such disappointment awaits the purchaser of the lovely "Christmas Wreath" of holly and mistletoe, printed on cloth, just gotten out by the WINDSOR COMPANY (as advertised in these columns last week). It certainly gives us something new and refreshing, and will find its way into every home where "Merry Christmas," "Happy New Year," or "Christmas Greetings" are welcomed. The 10 cents which it costs will be safely and surely invested.



BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake Street, Cleveland, O. CAUTION.—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper. ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

## TRANSPARENT FILM FOR KODAKS

Notice: Every package of our film is now dated and customers can thus make sure of always getting fresh films when purchasing.

OUR NEW FILMS give perfect satisfaction. They are rapid and uniform—are evenly coated and have no bubbles. No other films are so free from imperfections. Our film neither tears nor frills.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

KODAKS, \$6.00 to \$100. Rochester, N. Y. Send for Catalogue.



Absolutely free from malaria and unsurpassed for healthfulness generally, with air heavily charged with ozone—nature's greatest boon to the invalid—with scenic attractions, marine and landscape, unrivalled, Old Point Comfort is the Winter resort par excellence of the Atlantic Coast, while its world famous Hygeia Hotel, with its improved and perfect sanitary arrangements, the unquestioned purity of its drinking water, unsurpassed cuisine, embracing every delicacy of land and sea foods, its refined clientele added to the charm of resident military life, its abundant musical features and dancing, constitute a variety of attractions seldom offered at any resort.

F. N. PIKE, Manager.

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you will find a digest of Spiritualism, Theosophy and Occultism. Elegantly bound in cloth, postpaid, \$1.50.

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A USEFUL, FASHIONABLE GIFT.

### STERLING SILVER HAT MARKER

Or Umbrella Name Plate,

WITH NAME ENGRAVED,

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J. A. GOLDSTEIN,

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FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at anytime within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO. 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

## ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N LEADS THE WORLD.

Official Record of Award as publicly declared October 26.

ANHEUSER.		PABST.	
Faust	97	Standard	97
Munchener	98	Hofbrau	96
Budweiser	95	Bohemian	94
Total	290	Total	287

The above is the original score of points awarded by the Judges on Award in Group 12, World's Columbian Exposition, relating to lager beer.

This makes the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association the leader of the brewing industry, not only of America but of the whole world, and all other announcements are absolutely void of truth.

McALLISTER M.F.G. OPTICIAN 49 NASSAUST NEW YORK. ENTERTAINMENT HOME INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS CHURCH & SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK. COLLEGES SECRET SOCIETIES 240 PAGE CATALOGUE FREE. A PROFITABLE BUSINESS FOR MAN WITH SMALL CAPITAL.

## PROPER PRIDE.

"I WILL NOT be yours," the maiden said:  
 "I admire you much, but I won't be wed.  
 You're all that's nice; you have n't a vice—  
 But I will not marry you sir," she said.

The youth in sadness turned away;  
 For the maiden was fair as the dawning day.  
 And from over the street he watched that sweet  
 Little girl turn other suitors away.

Hard-hearted maiden she! First came  
 A nobleman with a famous name;  
 And he courted that girl, he did, that Earl;  
 And the mitten rewarded him, all the same.



Then came a man with a hoard of gold,  
 So big that his wealth could not be told.  
 He wooed the maid as a matter of trade,  
 And went out, wondering, into the cold.

Then came a poet with raven hair,  
 And a most interesting and soulful air;  
 And he wooed in verse, and got left much worse  
 Then his predecessors — and *she* did n't care.

And a long string of suitors came to beseech,  
 And the very same answer she gave to each;  
 And the young man thought, "Why, the prize that I sought  
 Was about a hundred miles out of my reach!"

And at last, when the line had grown to a score,  
 And each had been served like the one before,  
 The maiden said, as she nodded her head,  
 "I really don't think I need any more!"

So she crossed the highway, her love to see:  
 "You were my first proposal," said she;  
 "So, for self-respect, I thought I'd collect  
 A few more ere I'd marry you, sir," said she.

"But now —"  
 And somehow  
 She tumbled right under a kiss on her brow —  
 "I'll marry you any time sir!" said she.

